

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the best govern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) shall haue formost hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, shall haue iust cause to say,
Heauen shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Pistoll.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine Orchard: where, in an
Arbor we will eate a last yeares Pippin of my owne graf-
sing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth. (Come Co-
fin *Silence*, and then to bed.)

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.
Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all
Sir Iohn: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dany*, spread *Danie*:
Well said *Danie*.

Falst. This *Danie* serues you for good vses: he is your
Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Var-
let, *Sir Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A
good Varlet. Now sit downe, now sit downe: Come
Cofin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall doe nothing but eate,
and make good cheere, and praise heauen for the merrie
yeere: when flesh is cheape, and Females deere, and lustie
Lads come heere, and there: so merrily, and euer among
so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good *M. Silence*, Ile giue
you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good *M. Bardolfe*: some wine, *Danie*.

Da. Sweet sir, sit: Ile be with you anon: most sweete
sir, sit. Master Page, good *M. Page*, sit: Proface. What
you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare,
the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry *M. Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour
there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both short, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke *M. Silence* had bin a man of this
Mettle.

Sil. Who if I haue beene merry twice and once, ere
now.

Dany. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Danie*.

Da. Your Worship: Ile be with you straight. A cup
of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke
vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well said, *M. Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweete of
the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, *M. Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a
mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any
thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my
little tyme theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to
M. Bardolfe, and to all the Cauilleroes about London.

Dau. I hope to see London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Danie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not?

M. Bardolfe?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will sticke by thee, I
can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile sticke by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry.

Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't
not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dau. If it please your Worships, there's one *Pistoll*
come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir Iohn*, 'haue you sir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good,
sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in
the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of
Barfon.

Pist. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Cowards
base. *Sir Iohn*, I am thy *Pistoll*, and thy Friend: helter-
skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and
luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of
price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this
World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Conitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Pist. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?

And shall good newes be baffel'd?

Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in *Furies* lappe.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,

I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.

If sir, you come with newes from the Court, I take it, there
is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale
them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Vnder which King?

Bezonian, speake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.

Sir Iohn, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King.

Harry the Fifth's the man, I speake the truth.

When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and sigge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Pist. As naile in doore.

The things I speake, are iust.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Saddle my Horse,

Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt

In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistoll*, I will double charge thee

With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:

I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my

Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward.

Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistoll*:

Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistoll*, vtter more to mee: and

withall deuise something to do thy selfe good. Boote,

boote Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for

mee. Let vs take any mans Horfies: The Lawes of Eng-

land are at my commandment. Happie are they, which

haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe

Justice.

Pist. Let Vultures vil'de seize on his Lungs also:

Where is the life that late I led, say they?

Why heere it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol Teare-sheete,
and Beadles.*

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy,
that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou hast drawne my
shoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Constables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee:
and thee shall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant
her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about
her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile
tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the
Childe I now go with, do miscarrie, thou had'st better
thou had'st strooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Vil-
laine.

Host. O that *Sir Iohn* were come, hee would make
this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruite
of her Wombe might miscarry.

Officer. If it do, you shall haue a dozen of Cushions
againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you
both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pi-*
stoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I
will haue you as soundly fwindg'd for this, you blew-
Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you
benot fwindg'd, Ile forswear halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Wel

of sufferance, comes ease.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:

Bring me to a Iustice.

Host. Yes, come you staru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:

Come you Rascall.

Off. Very well.

Exeunt.